

i think i deserve a smile by ReblDOMakr

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington/Robin

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Summary:

Steve cheats. Billy needs therapy.

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Author's Note:

unbetaed

It's free therapy.

Billy takes the crowbar from the trunk of Camaro at about one in the morning. The upper class, all white neighborhood on the outskirts of Hawkins, Indiana is completely asleep. There's not even any crickets around to make noise. Probably all the chemicals these people spray into their lawns to keep them the right shade of green. The metal is an icicle to his hand and it feels like he just broke it off of a house awning.

He tells himself, again, that it's free therapy.

Billy leaves his trunk open as he walks towards the BMW parked in the driveway. Only a few feet away from where he had pulled in. The neighbors were already so used to his car, they'd make no note of him tonight. He grips the crowbar tighter and it's like the metal is melding into his skin.

People like him don't have the money to go to psychologists to seek help. This is discounted. One hundred percent off.

Billy raises his arm and smacks the end of the crowbar directly into the driver's window. It's satisfying to watch the glass shatter into chunks. He smacks it again, and again, and again, over and over until every single bit of glass on the car is laying on the ground or inside laying across the seats. He shoves it into the rearview mirrors and forces open the door to jam the crowbar into anything he can reach. Ripping out foam and fulling until there's not much less to destroy.

It's free therapy, for him. He's sure this will cost Steve something. But it's Steve's fault that he needs this. He deserves to have to pay.

Billy throws the crowbar back into his trunk. He digs out the can of paint. He walks past the BMW and walks straight to the front door.

He tears off the top and drops it to the ground. He shakes the can in his hand, enjoying the noise of it like a symphony before he's pointing it at the door. Top to bottom, 'S-L-U-T'.

He needs therapy because he had to see the boy he loved, the boy he thought loved him back, make out with some bitch that looked like the perfect damn replacement for Nancy Wheeler.

Billy knows he's rebound after all. He throws the can at a nearby window. He's happy when it smashes through. He doesn't even care, anymore, if he's caught and arrested for this. He doesn't know how he'll explain his motivations. He needs this, though. He needs it like a plant needed sunlight. He craves it like a worm craves dark soil.

Therapy is costly and Billy figures this is just as good. He slides back into his Camaro and speeds out of the driveway, picking up even more miles per hour on his speedometer when he leaves the neighborhood.

Author's Note:

I am not going to lie, I'm hardcore tempted to make this into a full-brown story even though I need to continue Omega Will and I also need to write more Billy/Will but YET this is an idea that appeals to me greatly so who knows what might happen

p.s. I'm on Tumblr as reblstmakr if you wanna hmu, I take requests and shit there